

# THE PRAIRIE NEWS.

An American Newspaper, Devoted to Politics, Latest News, Literature, Morality, Temperance, Agriculture, Home Industry, &c., &c.

"LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIMEST AT BE THEY COUNTRY'S, GOD'S AND TRUTH'S."

RICHARDSON & KNOX, Proprietors.

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## POETRY.

Below will be seen some pretty by one of the risen "geniuses" of our town. We don't judge of the article itself, but with pleasure commend it to lovers of the beautiful, as worth a thought. Come, "'s, if you can screw your sensibilities up to the exaltation point, do so, and we'll give you a full benefit—we like to encourage home industry.—Ed.

For the News.

TO MISS R. W. OF OKOLONA.

In the sunshine's golden river  
Brightly flooding all the floor,  
Dappled with a thousand shadows  
From the elms before the door.  
Of times dipping his white fingers  
In the waves of quivering light,  
Stood the fair child Louis Guilbert,  
Wondering at the robin's flight.  
Sudden sloped a turning pathway,  
Downward through the autumn leaves,  
Bordered thick with golden wavings,  
Like the gleam of yellow leaves.  
Up and down the shining vista,  
Softly floating toward me,  
Passed a throng of happy children,  
With their wings as white as snow.  
Stooped they smiling in rare beauty,  
Where the boy did wondering stand,  
And their glorious locks fell round him,  
As they took him by the hand.  
And he soon upon the path way,  
Winding up to fadeless bowers,  
Saw the blossoming and waving  
Of a fairer land than ours.  
Saw the bright birds in the branches  
That no darker made the branches  
Than the darkness made the branches.  
That no first time touched with change,  
By her voice of silver sweetness,  
By the light of her deep eyes,  
Known to gentle, gentle sister,  
Early passed to Paradise.  
Like the sunlight there did water,  
Was the shining of her hair,  
Unto all things meek and lowly,  
Might her beauty find compare.

H. R.

## MISCELLANY.

WIMMIN WISE DRINKERS.

TO THE OKOLONA GALS.

"How poor a thing is he, how worthy scorn,  
Who leaves the guidance of imperial mirth  
To such a paltry piece of stuff as this?  
A moppet made of pretence and pride;  
That oftener does her giddy dances change,  
Than glittering dew-drops in the sun's de-colours!"  
Rosa's Jane Shore.

MR. NOOSPAPER MAN: It has been  
sum tim sine I wrote to you, and the only  
reason I can give you for such negligence is,  
that I've had other fish to fry. In my  
last I spoke of the Okolona Whiski Drink-  
ers, which I see is considerably on the  
increase. It is not my intention, howsoever,  
to trot of them in this; but to say  
sunthin concerning those lovely critters  
called wimmin.

"O women, men's subduers!  
Nature's extremes, no mean is to be had,  
Excellent good or infinitely bad."

Yu need not be surprised when I tell  
you that I love the wimmin—aye, love  
them with a pure, warm and burning love,  
unknown to any, save a poet. I was reared  
up to look upon wimmin as angels,  
or sunthin heavenly. I thot it impossible  
for wimmin to hav an impur thot, or indulg-  
ence in an ungodly habit or practice.—  
Oh, I thot

"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,  
In every gesture dignity and love."  
Yu can in part account for my unbounded  
love for the wimmin when I tell you that  
my mother was a wimmin—one who taught  
me to love and respect every one. In-  
deed she taught me to look upon the vain  
dizizens of this world as being pur and  
affectionate lik myself. As I grew up to  
the estat of manhood, howsoever, I found  
things to be very different. I found  
man low, cunning and deceitful—wimmin  
ditto, and perfer devils to boot. I was  
led at once to exclaim—

"This world is all a fleeting show,  
For man's illusion given;  
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,  
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow;  
There's nothing true but heaven."

Notwithstanding the depravity of wim-  
men, howsoever, I can't help but love  
them. The sharer of every thot, yet, could  
abominable practices turn me to love to  
hate, then my hatred would only be equal

to my love. O, wimmin! kood I hat thee  
akordin to thy deservin—akordin to thy  
vices, how despirately strong would be that  
hatred! I shudder at the thot! It greives  
me early to see you walk so far astray from  
the path of refinement. It makes my heart  
bleed to thot to see you so far removed  
from your proper sphere. Is it neces-  
sary for me to pint out the hi position  
for which you were intended? the grand po-  
sition you shuld okupi in society? Is it  
possible that you hav so long indulged in  
your sinful and hateful ways that you now  
not your duty to your God, as well as to  
yourself? No! I'll not belive it. You  
now your duty, yet you do it not. You now  
it is rong to play cards—you now it is  
rong to sip wine at evening parties, or any  
where else—you now it is rong to eat snuff,  
therby ruining your health, and pollutin  
your breath with a foul odor offensiv enuff  
to almost creat disgust. You now all  
this, yet you indulge in these vile practices  
with seeming delight. The wine bottles  
at our evnin parties are as plentiful as  
black bugs in a spilt bacon ham, and the  
wine sipped with a relish that wood du  
credit to the most fastidious epicurean.  
The wimmin not only drink the dedly  
poison themselves, but give to their male  
companions and exclaim—

"One sip of this  
Will bothe the drooping spirits in delight  
By yond the bliss of d're m's. Be wise and taste."

Kind reader, we will tak a stroll togeth-  
er to sum up our evnin parties, and tak  
a look through the key-hole at sum of the  
young ladies up the present day. Yonder,  
behold that young Miss not only drinkin  
wine herself, but exclaim her companion

a his young man—in partispate, therby  
endeavourin to lead him to a drunkard's  
grave. See her there, in the corner, flush-  
ed with wine, playin cards. Is that not  
a pretty posishon for one who expects to  
become a wif and mother? See her dark  
eyes flash, as she gives herself up to the  
absorbin gam, with her nerves agitated  
and her lungs stifled with snuff. Don't you  
envy her posishon? Ther, she takes sum  
more wine, and entreins her partner in the  
game to drink her health. Now she deals  
the cards, laughs a big ha, ha! as she  
takes a trink, and declares she can beat the  
Jews. But hold! She is not yet satisfied;  
she wants sunthin else. See, its her snuff-  
box! Ther, she spits on her swab (a  
long piece of wood, fixed at the end lik a  
scootin broom) and dips it in the snuff-  
box, then conveys it to her mouth and  
chews it. Ther, again, she spits a big  
black spittle on her dress—it ought to hav  
been put in the box for economy's sake;  
but she don't care for expensis. She takes  
another trink and gives another tremenjous  
ha, ha! which is herd all over the house.  
And thus she passis the evnin, and when  
the "our of brakin up" comes, she is ready  
for any thing. She is under the influence  
of wine, and she don't care whether corn  
is two dollars a bushel or two bits. She  
gets hum, howsoever, and reiers to rest  
for the nite, and ther I beg leave to leave  
her; for I can't kepe up with her any  
longer, unless I uncerimoniously break  
upon her privacy, which I respectfully  
declin doin, as I nevr kood stan a woom-  
in whos breath smelt of wine and snuff.—  
She sleeps, poor thing, and dreams of  
boobys, and evry hideous thing imagin-  
able. Let her slepe.

Thus it is with the gals of the present  
day. Tha hav mor anxiety for the cul-  
tivation of their heels than their heads,  
and desire to become mor fashionable than  
gode, and to encircel their legs with whal-  
bon, rather than their brow with wreaths  
of love, kindness and beauty. I lik the  
gals when they are gals, but the counter-  
feit, snuffly article now being pamed off in  
fashionable society, is an intolerable hur-  
dug. They are neither fit for wives, nor  
du they now enuff for mothers.

I'll continer writin on the wimmin  
I effect a change in thar despicable  
and abominashonable habits.

Yours, indefinitely,

TOM GRASSHOPPER.

[Dow, Jr., says the reason man was  
made after everything else, was, if he had  
been created first, he would have annoyed  
the Almighty with endless suggestions of  
improvement.

## DUTCH COURAGE.

BY JACK LEATHERLINGS.

'Twas a dreadful night. Dark clouds  
chased each other with frightful velocity  
through the murky heavens. Vivid  
flashes of lightning, like threads of fire,  
rung along the sky—while the incessant  
peals of thunder, reverberating from hill  
to hill, caused the earth to shake and  
tremble, and proclaimed that Heaven's  
Royal Artillery was saluting its great  
Chieftain. The rain descended in one  
unceasing torrent, and the fierce wind  
howling through the trees made them  
sway and groan as though sensible of the  
blows given by the ruthless Storm King.

The wooden houses in the Dutch vil-  
lage of Skiddendam tottered to their  
foundations; the green blinds were borne  
from their fastenings, and chimney tops  
swept away like chaff before the wind.—  
Oh! it was a fearful night. And old  
and young, together clung in horrid fright.  
Dutch supplications were uttered, and  
prayers escaped the lips of many whose  
hearts seemed indurated against the in-  
fluence of religion.

Hans Vanderplankentam lay tossing  
on his pillow. Thoughts of his beloved  
Catherina, and her widowed mother, ban-  
ished sleep from his eyes. Unprotected  
in their little farm, and away from any  
assistance, what if a thunderbolt should  
strike their house? What if the robbers,  
who had lately caused such alarm  
amongst the people of Skiddendam,  
should visit them on this dismal night?  
—so well calculated to screen robbers in  
their predatory excursions.

The thought disturbed him much. In  
vain he tried to banish it. Already he  
saw, in imagination, the stealthy step of  
the robber approaching his beloved Cath-  
erina's door. He saw him climb in at  
the window. He heard the shrieks of  
the unprotected woman, and Hans Van-  
derplankentam rose and dressed and armed  
himself, and then resolved to go and  
shield the widow Hoesnechayer and her  
daughter, Valiant Vanderplankentam.  
Few indeed dare venture forth on such a  
night, but love, with thee, was more po-  
tent than the wind or the rain or the thun-  
der or the lightning.

Hans wrapped himself up and peered  
forth. It was dark as Erebus, save when  
the lightning flashed. The wind and  
rain increased in fury. The road to the  
widow H's was almost impassable. The  
water was knee deep. But what cared  
Hans. Leander swam the Hellespont to  
meet his beloved hero; why shouldn't  
Vanderplankentam wade to his Catherina?  
Hans went boldly forth; he was  
struck with awe at the grandeur of the  
scene. Lightning illuminated his way,  
and his step beat time to the music of the  
thunder. With slow and by no means  
careless step he proceeded on, and arrived  
at last at the widow's house. The thun-  
der ceased for a time, but the rain  
still came down in torrents. Hans knock-  
ed loudly at the gate, and cried out—  
"Tis me, Vanderplankentam; open!"  
But his summons was unheeded. All was  
silent; he tried to pierce the darkness,  
but in vain. Then imagination set itself  
to work. Perhaps he was too late, and  
the robbers had already accomplished  
their designs. Horrible thought! "I  
will see," said Hans, and he climbed over  
the fence. There was at that moment a  
flash of lightning followed instantly by a  
loud clap of thunder. The place lighted  
up only for an instant, but in that instant  
Hans thought he discovered, right be-  
neath Catherina's window, the figure of a  
man, and mingled with the thunder peal  
a woman's scream. He sprang into the  
garden. Flash after flash now followed  
each other in rapid succession; and  
Hans could plainly distinguish the figure  
of a man, facing the window with out-  
stretched arms, as though supplicating  
his companion to hasten.

It was the robber, and perhaps at the  
moment Catherina was struggling with  
his ruffian accomplice.

The thought was maddening. What  
was to be done? Delay may be fatal.—  
Hans acted as a brave man would.—  
Springing forward, before the robber could  
turn, he caught him by the throat and  
plunged a dagger in his breast. The  
robber fell without a groan. Not the  
slightest sound escaped his lips to warn  
his companion. This was fortunate.

Rushing up to the door with one vig-  
orous kick he sent it open. A scream after  
scream now rung on his ears.

A few rapid steps brought him into the  
chamber where the frightened women  
were. With the dagger clutched tightly  
in his hand he sprang into the room, ex-  
pecting to see the robber standing over  
the body of his murdered Catherina. A  
candle faintly burning on the mantle-  
piece lighted up the room. He looked  
around. There was no robbers, but in-  
stead, the two women in disabille, fright-  
ened almost to death, were clasped in

each other's arms, shrieking frantically  
at the sight of his drawn dagger.

It was something ere he calmed them.  
He told them his motives in coming, his  
anxieties, and fears, dreadful rencounters  
with the robber in the garden, and then  
after searching the house, even to the  
clothes boiler, and being satisfied that no  
human beings hid themselves remained there-  
in, they besought to take some rest, while  
he, like the flaming sword at the gate of  
Paradise, would prevent any from enter-  
ing there. The widow and her daughter  
retired, but could not sleep. Thoughts  
of the murdered man would continually  
obtrude, and little rest visited their eye-  
lids. All that long night Hans kept a  
vigilant watch, but none came to brave  
his wrath. The morning came and with  
it the beautiful sun. But alas! no long-  
er may it shine for the poor unfortunate  
robber. His sun on earth had set.

Hans and the widow and Catherina  
walked mournfully forth to view the body.  
They approached the dead. A nearer  
view and the widow smiled, Catherina  
laughing till she was almost wild. Hans  
looked blue, for between me and you, he  
only killed a scarecrow. This is a fact.  
The widow had brought it to the garden  
from the field, and Hans naturally enough  
mistook it for a robber. The act did not  
lessen him in Catherina's estimation, for  
she reasoned to herself that it may have  
been a real robber, and how good it would  
be, in that case, to have so brave a man to  
defend her. Hans said he was willing to  
defend her always, so matters were set-  
tled, and Hans and Kate were tied one  
unto the other.

## An Obnoxious Lover.

Every one has heard of the eloquent,  
pathetic, humorous stump orator of Ohio.  
He was pronounced by Mr. Clay (a most  
competent authority) to be the finest  
stump speaker he had ever heard; and

after having heard Clay, Crittenden,  
Jones of Tennessee, Polk, Benjamin,  
Sauls, Randall, Hunt, Tom Marshall,  
Gen. Lamar, Bates, Douglas and a host  
of others.

Well this great orator carried his love  
of fun into every department of life. In  
the private circle, where he knew every  
person and where he unbosomed himself  
fully, he was the most delightful and gen-  
eral conversationalist I ever listened to.  
I do not know that he now, as age and  
admiralty are creeping on, indulges in this  
proclivity to humor as much as he used  
to do. But he used to tell, with great  
 gusto the following story:

"In early life—so early that I cannot  
remember the removal—my father 'pulled  
up stakes,' and, carrying with him the  
household goods, went from Bourbon  
County, Kentucky, where I was born, to  
Ohio. Notwithstanding a rough and tumble  
struggle with the world, he had a  
hard time to get on owing to a numerous  
and rapidly increasing family. Well,  
family matters had not improved much  
when I had reached my thirteenth or  
fourteenth year.

"At this time there lived in the neigh-  
borhood a young man by the name of  
Pickering. He had inherited a well  
stocked farm, was good looking, and  
made a strong profession of religion.—  
This latter qualification caused him to  
find peculiar favor in the eyes of my fa-  
ther, who was always blinded by profes-  
sions of extra piety.

"This fellow had a strong 'hankering'  
after one of my sisters, who was a very  
pretty girl. To her he was peculiarly  
attentive. She seemed always exces-  
sively annoyed at his presence. Yet he  
was ever at her side. She dared not dis-  
miss him entirely, for fear of the paternal  
anger. Thus things went on for a year  
or two, and as I partook largely of my  
sister's hatred to him, I resolved to get  
rid of him in some way. I cast about  
for a plan for some time, but nothing  
occurred which gave me the slightest de-  
gree of hope of being successful.

"At last returning home late one sum-  
mer night from mill, I found the family  
at their nightly devotions. Passing by  
the windows of the room in which they  
were assembled, I saw that Pickering  
was there and pretty soon I discovered  
that he was napping; and presently his  
head dropped. Now was my opportu-  
nity. I stole slyly into the hall, and reach-  
ing the hall door, which was slightly ajar,  
and close by which Pickering was, on  
bended knee, I crept in and quickly  
pulling his chair from under him, he col-  
lapsed heavily, as a sound sleeper would,  
upon the floor. The noise alarmed all.  
The old gentleman stopped in the midst  
of his almost interminable prayer, and  
saw the position of Pickering. All the  
family laughed outright; even my mother

smiled.  
"Pickering endeavored to pick himself  
up as rapidly as possible, but he had  
touched the old man upon his tenderest  
point. It was evident, from his rubbing

his eyes, that he slept under the old gen-  
tleman's ministrations; and had not my  
father a reputation far and wide for the  
fervency and strength of his ministra-  
tions, and was not Pickering his profess-  
ing brother? It was too much. Slow-  
ly, yet most dignifiedly did the old man  
approach him. 'Begone, hypocrite!' he  
cried in tones of thunder. 'Never enter  
my house again.'

"Pickering was thunderstruck. He  
felt that he could make no apology which  
would not add to the insult. He had no  
suspicion of the exterior force which had  
aided him in his fall. He at once found  
his hat, took up his line of march, and  
completely crestfallen, passed me as I  
stood grinning in the shadow of the porch.

"At a suitable time I entered, got my  
supper, was told by a brother, in hurried  
whispers, what had happened, and then  
I stole off to bed affecting ignorance, and  
laughing most heartily as I ensconced  
myself in the sheets, at the complete suc-  
cess of my plan.

"Next day I cautiously imparted my  
secret to my interested sister. She was  
in her own room at the time, and she  
threw herself upon the bed and rolled in  
agonies and convulsions of laughter. She  
had been emancipated forever from an  
obnoxious lover. The old gentleman did  
not hear the real state of the facts for  
full twenty years afterwards; but when  
he did he laughed most heartily."

[From the Natchez Courier.]

## TIGHT AS BRICKS.

BY SKEEZICKS.

Those who have visited the city of  
Jackson, Miss., during the sessions of the  
State Legislature, or while political con-  
ventions are being held, are fully aware  
that many a good thing comes out, which  
only chroniclers would be looked upon as  
valuable property to all intents and pur-  
poses.

The last time I was in Jackson, Miss.,  
it was customary for me to drop in  
quite frequently at the office of the  
Auditor of Public Accounts, not only to  
learn the latest news stirring, but to en-  
joy the society of the Second Auditor,  
one of the best fellows that ever ran his  
teeth through a plug of James River  
leaf, and one who loved a joke better  
than he did his dinner. On one of these  
occasions I had the pleasure of being in-  
troduced to the Sheriff of J— county,  
a man who eschewed Hard Sued Baptist  
principles, and sampled corn juice with  
as much facility as any Southern gentle-  
man I ever met. We were introduced and  
as a natural consequence we smiled! Tale  
after tale was told—song after song was  
sung, until myself, Tom S— and the  
Sheriff, became so full of the milk  
of human kindness, (to say nothing of  
the bitters we had swallowed,) that it  
would have needed but little argument  
to convince us all, that this world was a  
great institution, and his denizens with-  
out exception, incapable of the slightest  
improvement.

In this exalted condition we emerg-  
ed from the Auditor's office into the open  
air, when Mr. (the Sheriff,) peremptorily  
insisted I should make a straight wake  
for my temporary abiding place; and, to  
use his own language, "do the honors  
like a white man." In compliance with  
this suggestion, we were soon seated  
around the bachelor apartments I then  
occupied at Mrs. Shacks, where we tried  
to recuperate our exhausted energies by  
frequent potations from sundry bottles of  
Scotch Ale, the only available fluid that  
appeared to be "lying about kinder  
loose" for our sole use and benefit.

To say that Mr. S— was drunk at this jun-  
cture might be regarded as libellous; yet  
from the fact that he tried most earnest-  
ly to relight his cigar by puffing vigor-  
ously at one end while the other was ap-  
plied to his watch key, it might not have  
been uncharitable to suppose that he had  
had some one that day who sometimes  
drank to excess; but, be that as it may,  
the sheriff became finally convinced at  
last, that his cigar wasn't worth snuff-  
ing, and taking a heavy swallow of ale, he  
solemnly avowed, that drunk or sober he  
believed he was able to whip anything of  
his size, from a hard shell Baptist down  
to a wharf rat, and allow him all the  
chances.

"But ole fel' (hic)," continued he, "I  
don't want to be in-quiz-qui-tive, I  
don't, but where did you get this fluid?  
Ginger! Whoop! Well, dog on my  
cat, if it isn't splendid—yes sirree Bob!  
a very great institution! certainly!"

I told him that nothing would give me  
greater pleasure than to have him take a  
bottle home with him, in order to test its  
merits by daylight, if he felt so inclined;  
and at my suggestion, Tom S— slip-  
ped a bottle in his coat pocket behind, as  
we left the room in search of the "Cap-  
itol coffee house."

We had gone but little distance before  
Mr. S— turned sharply round, at the same

time exclaiming, under no little degree of  
excitement:

"Look here, that sort of thing don't  
go down, and besides, it is what I call  
un-gentlemanly, (hic) hang it if it isn't!"

"What's the matter, Me?" we en-  
quired.

"O, never mind—shoot—I spose (hic)  
it's the custom of this town, but," ex-  
claimed he, "don't you do that agin!"

In vain we stopped to enquire what  
Mr. S— was driving at; he insisted upon our  
going forward, for his mouth felt "like  
it was full of raw cotton."

"There you go again," he roared, as he  
withdrew from our companionship.—  
"I can't stand that, you know—of you—  
ve any (hic) business with me, private or  
official, (hic) spit it out—drunk or sober  
I'm a business man, I am, but don't in-  
sult me that-a-way; if you do, it's a foot  
race or a fight. Now you can bet yer  
bottom dollar on that."

"My dear boy!" exclaimed I, "what  
can be the matter? You seem highly  
excited—what on earth ails you?"

"Ails!" ejaculated Mr. S— "I (hic)  
rather like that! Ails! why, do you  
call yourself a white man, to stand by  
and see me so insulted. I'm bound to  
have satisfaction right off, (hic) Yes, sir!"

"Do, for Heaven's sake, explain your-  
self," said we, almost out of patience.

"Nice arrangements you have here in  
Jackson; they could not play that game  
in J— county. Why, look here!—  
Ever since we started from your room,  
some fellow has stuck close behind me  
and kicked me under the coat tail till I  
can't stand it no longer. I'll lick that  
scoundrel or he shall whip me on the  
spot, as sure as my name is Me—"

If Tom S— and myself ever laugh-  
ed heartily, it was then; the unfortunate  
bottle of Scotch Ale in Mr. S—'s pocket had  
dumped against his groin so frequently,  
that he was quite fully satisfied he

was the victor.

Poor Mr. S— never understood it, an-  
d to this day he fully believes that "lick-  
in" strangers in Jackson is indeed a cus-  
tom "more honored in the breach, than  
the observance."

Simon Suggs's explanation.

Before Suggs opened his saddle bags  
to pay the Indian woman for the land,  
Gen. Lawson, who wanted a slice, came  
to Suggs and said, "Mr. Suggs," said he,  
"I'd like to have an interest in your  
contract, and I'm willing to pay for it;  
I'll find the money, to pay the Indian,  
and give you the interest of one-third."  
"Not thot I was willing, would ye?"  
asked Suggs jeeringly. "I'll do better  
than that," said Taylor, "I'll furnish  
the money and give you half the land  
sells for when we part with it." "Very  
properly," remarked Simon, "but un-  
less some one counts me out five hun-  
dred, and furnishes your own money to  
buy the land with, I shall have to en-  
lock these here," patting the saddle bags,  
"and buy it for myself." "I'll do it!"  
said Col. Bryan, who had been making  
a calculation on the inside of the crown  
of his hat—"I'll do it!" "Ah," said  
Suggs, "that's what made the chicken  
squall." "You're the man I'm a huntin'!  
Draw your weapons!" The land was  
forthwith "certified" to Suggs, who im-  
mediately transferred it to Bryan. Now  
gentleman, said the captain, "every-  
body's satisfied—aint they?" "If they  
aint, they ought to be," replied Col. Bryan,  
who was delighted with his bargain.  
"I think so, too," remarked Suggs, "and  
bein' as that's the case," he continue  
opening his saddle bags, "as I have  
act before you all as if my saddle bags  
were full of gold and silver, or else lost  
my chance of profit here; I'll now let  
out these here rocks and old iron, for  
mighty thresome to a horse!" and he  
explained throw out the rocks and  
iron, for he had not a dollar in the w.

The speculators vanished.  
"This here's a mighty hard world,  
mourned the captain to himself, morn-  
ing, "to get along in. Ef a feller der  
make everyidge cut, he's in the bag  
ground directly. It's tife and strife, a  
tussle every way to make an honest  
Well!" he continued, in a strain of  
usual pity, as he threw up and caught  
rouleau of dollars; "well there is  
Providence that provides; and ef a n  
will only stand squar up to wher's the  
it will prosper his endeavors to in-  
somethin to feed his children! I s-  
like to see the man who would save his  
aint. I don't hold with no sichee  
man says there ain't no Providence,  
may be sure there's somethin w  
here," snuffing in the region of his bre  
pocket—"and that the man will swi  
you ef he can—certain!"

.... A leading broker being asked,  
other day, how his child was, an-  
almost in tears, "very ill—won't  
give two per cent. for his life."